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Death Cry of Civil Government in Germany

The latest German newspapers to arrive in this country contain reports of the debates in the Reichstag on June 24, 25 and 26, covering the earlier and more dramatic phase of the so-called "Kühlmann crisis." As the result of those debates, however, it had already become evident that Kühlmann was a doomed man; the Junker organs of Berlin were already celebrating their certain triumph over him, and a fortnight later he fell before their onslaughts and the silent electric currents set in motion at army headquarters.

The whole incident illuminates as with a flare the present political situation in Germany. A sham government and Reichstag only thinly disguise its real subjection to military rule. Kühlmann's offence, as will be remembered, was that he admitted his inability to see any prospect of a complete military victory for Germany. After having spoken of the practical impossibility of bringing about an interchange of views among the belligerents, he said—and this was the head and front of his offending—"And without such an interchange of views it is hardly to be expected—owing to the enormous size of this war of coalitions and the number of powers engaged in it—that an absolute end will be reached through purely military decisions alone."

That was on Monday. Between the sitting of the Reichstag on that day and the Tuesday's sitting something had happened. Kühlmann's words had thrown about as much fat into the fire as was possible during these fatless days in Germany, and the telegraph wires leading from general headquarters, as the Berlin newspapers plainly intimate, had evidently been busily working Monday night. At the opening of Tuesday's sitting, accordingly, Hertling at once took the floor, and after saying that it had not been his intention to make a speech at that time he proceeded briefly to explain that there had been a "misunderstanding," and then he tried to tone down what Kühlmann had said.

Then poor Kühlmann himself arose to contribute his mite toward conciliation and appeasement of the wrathful war gods. But his very first reference to his "words of yesterday" drew shouts from the Conservatives charging him with having changed the official stenographic report and toned down the offending passage. He proceeded to explain that he "had not denied that a military victory was the presupposition for any talk about peace." He only meant to say that negotiations would be necessary, "inasmuch as military decisions alone would not bring us to the goal."

At the next sitting the Socialist Deputy Noske made a telling speech and was able to throw a characteristic flashlight upon how Germany is at present ruled. He said that at a press conference on Monday, after Kühlmann's speech had been delivered, the military censors had told the newspaper men that they "would not be allowed to print the interpretation that a military decision could not end the war; the Supreme Army Command, it was added, believed in victory, and any other view was prohibited."

Then he produced a climax by reading the following letter, which the military censorship had sent to the *Vorwärts:*

> "The *Vorwärts* thought that the remarks of the Secretary of Foreign Affairs justified it in printing them under the display headline: 'No End to the War Through Military Decisions.' That conception . . . is in conflict with the real situation, endangers the victorious termination of the war, and the publication of it shakes the justifiable confidence of the people and the army and their resolute purpose to go on with the war, and it reanimates the spirit of resistance in the enemy camp. The Supreme Army Command is convinced, as hitherto, that we shall have a victorious termination of the war. Any other interpretation of the speech of the Secretary of State is inadmissible."

Herr Haase, leader of the Independent Socialists, also contributed to the debate a remark that hit the bull's-eye. After Hertling and Kühlmann had kotowed to the military gods on Tuesday Haase said: "The military party is ruling us, and it would be best to have the true ruler of Germany, Ludendorff, become Chancellor in order fully to clarify the situation."

A number of other members during these three days did their part toward showing up the military usurpation. Hauss read a letter from Ludendorff himself, addressed to an Alsace-Lorraine manufacturers' association, saying that Hindenburg regarded the annexation of the two districts to Prussia as the best solution of their future status. Hauss also went into lengthy details to show how the military authorities in Alsace-Lorraine had utterly throttled the Legislature there since the war began, either prescribing to it what subjects it might discuss, or even prohibiting its sessions altogether.

Gröber, one of the most respected leaders of the Catholic party, complained of similar arbitrary measures in Lithuania. He said that the military authorities there were treating the Lithuanian population just as military superiors treat their soldiers: they closed all schools at Wilna which would not undertake to teach the German language a given number of hours, and they prohibited the sending of letters into or out of the district written in the Lithuanian language. Then David, one of the strongest Socialist members, charged that the military authorities were trying to influence political developments in those borderlands; that they cared not one whit for the votes of the Reichstag and were trying to prevent democratic forces from getting the upper hand, and hence no actual expression of self-determination had taken place there.

The *Frankfürter Zeitung* used this debate as text for one of the most striking and significant editorials that have been written in Germany during this war. Referring to the growing strength of the military party, it confessed that the climax had certainly been reached when the military censorship undertook to dictate how the utterances of the responsible ministers were to be interpreted by the press. "So far as we know," it said, "things had not yet reached such a pass that the military censors gave grades, schoolmaster-like, on the utterances of members of the government. That is going far, but it is characteristic of the situation."

The further remarks of this able newspaper are interesting and illuminating. After mentioning Berlin reports, according to which the other ministers were standing shoulder to shoulder with Kühlmann, its editorial goes on:

> "If it is possible for the Supreme Army Command, as became known in former crises and as has again become evident in these latest proceedings in the Reichstag—to reverse *(umbiegen)* at any time views of the political leaders which may be displeasing to them, to prohibit the acquiescence of the public in those views, and to compel the authors of them to execute themselves—then it matters little what are the names of the men who transact the public affairs and appear before the Reichstag as sponsors of Germany's policy. For then the political government is, after all, but a sham; as a matter of fact the minority of the Reichstag rules by being able to show that it is in agreement with the Army Command. . . .
>
> "There are two possibilities which, in the place of the present ambiguity, might bring us a real solution: either the Imperial Chancellor must declare, in the name of the government and in the most formal way, the willingness of the government to put an end to the war through a peace by understanding, such as shall satisfy the necessities of our existence, or else the representatives of those influences—whose spokesmen are saying in the Reichstag that the government will not and can not pursue a policy of understanding—must themselves take over the responsibility for Germany's policy.
>
> "If it be right that the Supreme Army Command determine the course of our policy then it is but natural that our policy be taken over quite openly by some person of that persuasion. A condition of things where Reichstag members of the Right have conceptions of the government's purpose quite the opposite to those held by the Left is in the long run intolerable. The Reichstag majority must press with all energy for a clearing up of this situation. If neither the one thing nor the other happens and if the existing illusion continues we shall probably again be confronted soon with fresh crises. The preparation for peace, however, cannot be promoted, but only hindered by such an equivocal situation."

The obsequies of the pretence of democracy in Germany have since been formally performed. On Friday a dispatch was received via Berne saying that the Imperial General Staff has been invested with full "executive and state rights."

The Tortures of Serbia

Have we forgotten Serbia? The Allies are pledged, of course, to her restoration after the war. But meanwhile her sufferings are greater than even those of Belgium. The "Primorské Noviné," a Croat journal published at Fiume, gives a vivid and tragic account of these. The article is reprinted in "La Serbie," published at Geneva. The most active imagination, we are told, can hardly realize the wrongs one Slav nation has inflicted upon another. For it is Bulgaria, with whom the United States is still at peace, that has adopted the German way of dealing with a conquered people and has bettered the instruction. The ruin wrought in Serbia, the "Primorské Noviné" points out, justifies the strongest protest from the Croats of the Dual Monarchy against the Bulgarian alliance.

Since the very first days of the Bulgarian occupation of Old Serbia and Eastern Serbia there has been a deliberate effort to exterminate the Serbian people and extinguish their language. Libraries have been destroyed and books burned. No Serbian dares speak his own tongue. The Serbian schools have been closed and the children are being taught Bulgarian. Serbian names are proscribed. This is but the beginning of infamy. A very large number of villages have been burned to the ground. The inhabitants have been either imprisoned or slaughtered, or else deported to a certain death in Bulgaria under the most intolerable conditions. Many have abandoned house and home to wander in the forests or the mountains, whither they are pursued by the Bulgarians and shot down like game, unless perchance they die of hunger and cold. The number of such victims is frightful.

The destruction or looting of churches, the theft of public money, the attempts to force Serbians into the military service of Bulgaria—these are now familiar episodes in the triumphal progress of Kultur. Thus Ferdinand, who has sold the soul of his people to the Teutonic devil, hopes to establish a new empire on the blood of the innocents.

Yet the United States is at peace with Bulgaria. Why?

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Good Clothes and Good Girls

Every earnest uplifter has, or should have, some moral patent medicine warranted to cure all ills. One of these now puts forth the theory that there is an intimate connection between morals and clothes. It is not a new theory in essence; the outward sign often accompanies the inward grace. But the Lady from Philadelphia—a descendant, surely, of her who graced the Peterkin stories with such stores of practical wisdom—is convinced that if a girl is well dressed she will not go wrong. "There's a certain self-respect," she says, "that goes with dainty garments." As a logical corollary she admits that a love of such garments may be a potent cause of going wrong. But her argument seems to travel in a circle when she adds: "Most poor girls are good." We do not dispute the conclusion, though we may fail to follow the method of arriving at it. If virtue and dainty garments are so nearly inseparable, and if most poor girls do not have dainty garments, then their goodness has a savor of the miraculous. Q. E. D.

It needs no uplifter, of course, to tell us that morality is only in part the creature of environment, that in every class outside those that are confessedly criminal the proportion of good to bad remains a fairly constant quantity. We cannot accept the statement that "most poor girls are good" as a just implication that most rich girls are not.

> "Hearts just as pure and fair
> May beat in Belgrave Square
> As in the lowly air
> Of Seven Dials."

There is no occasion to "treat with virtuous scorn the well connected." Nor need the relation between clothes and morality be complicated thus by class distinctions. It is, indeed, an old theory that "clothes make the man"—expressed in proverbs in nearly every tongue. And if one looks the part one is naturally tempted to play it. But we feel somehow that woman's dress, at least, is too subtle a thing to be dealt with categorically. It is almost too simple a solution of the painful riddle of the world to say that if a girl is only well dressed we need not worry about her moral welfare. That is a pretty short cut to perfection—even for an uplifter.

Those who have nominated William Randolph Hearst for Governor of New York State are William Randolph Hearst, Arthur Brisbane and George Sylvester Viereck.

The west front map in *The New York American* is distinguished for showing that the Allies are nine times as far from Berlin as the Germans are from Paris. So it shows through.

The grand dukes of Russia have always been about as grand as anything there was. But as ex-grand dukes they sound a shade grander than ever. It is not a popular title in Russia just now—a grand duke in Russia seems about as safe as a landlord in Ireland. But after things quiet down into peaceful democratic simplicity, who knows what may happen? "Ex-grand duke," or just "ex," for short, many become as common as "colonel" or "doc" in our own democratic states, where titles, like everything else, are free and equal.

A Week of Verse

Coney Island to Her Children

(From The Pagan)

CHILDREN, children who are mine
Only for a day,
Who's to blame, if you are tired
And don't know how to play?

Seven days to every week,
And six to work all day,
Dance and kiss and flirt and swim
And don't care what they say.

Six long days to fight for bread,
(The earth's not for the meek)
I will give you thrills enough
To last the weary week.

Ride upon the steeplechase,
And loll upon the sand;
Take what pleasure you can find
And I will understand.

Children, children who are mine
Only for a day;
Who's to blame, if you are tired,
And don't know how to play?

MARY MORSELL.

The Weaver of Dreams

(From The New Witness)

WHEN I have bundled the world away
And live in the light of my own wild will,
I'll house my heart in a bend of the road
That ambles over the heathery hill,
A nook all checkered by friendly trees,
Poplars for choice, for none can play
With a love-lorn wind so pensively.
There will be a brook with a cradling song
To its infant pebbles the whole day long,
And a lakelet (willows along the brink)
Wherein the stars at night shall drink.
In the loom of my heart at the bend of the road
Ill weave a garment to my mind
Out of the colored nights and days,
The greens and dusks of the forest ways,
The hush of the dawn, the sob of the wind,
The ceaseless chatter of the trees,
The dreams of the lake when the stars are drowned
In its passionless waters that make no sound,
The sudden flight of invisible wings
And all the ineffable vanishings
Of hollow and hill and earth and sky,
Caught from Beauty's flying hair.
With these in the loom of my heart I'll weave
A garment meet for a queen to wear.
And may be Beauty herself will leave
Her dim, empyreal throne to stay
In my house of dreams at the bend of the road,
When I have bundled the world away.

HUGH A. MACCARTAN.

Near the Camp

(From The Poetry Review of London)

A BLACKBIRD in the apple-tree
Is calling loud and shrill,
And far away the bugle notes
Are winding round the hill.

"Oh, Sweet! There's nought to heed but love,"
The jolly blackbird saith.
"Come out, ye lads," the bugles cry,
"Come all, and tryst with Death."

There's mating in the apple-bloom,
There's parting in the town,
And lonely wives and grieving maids
Shall shake the apples down.

'Twas sweet, the love that built the nest
In drift of orchard snow
But what of love that took the sword?—
That bade the soldier go?

L. I.

"A Little, Called Pauline"

(After, and possibly a translation from, Gertrude Stein's "Tender Buttons," p. 25)

(From The Century)

ANOTHER name would fit her quite as well,
She is so nondescript. She is not plain
Or ugly, yet she suffers endless pain,
Being ignored. Just why, she cannot tell.
And so on each sensation she will dwell,
Fluttering visibly to entertain.
Therefore she cannot help but seem inane;
Therefore she knows her superficial hell.
Always slightly askew, she passes on,
Taking whatever joy each hour brings,
Hoping for better when that hour is gone.
Her clothes, her food, the presents that she gives,
These are enough for her. And thus she lives,
Culting the utterness of little things.

S. FOSTER DAMON.

A Night-Piece

(From The New Statesman)

COME out and walk. The last few drops of light
Drain silently out of the cloudy blue;
The trees are full of the dark-stooping night,
The fields are wet with dew.

All's quiet in the wood, but far away,
Down the hillside and out across the plain,
Moves, with long trail of white that marks its way,
The softly panting train.

Come through the clearing. Hardly now we see
The flowers, save dark or light against the grass,
Or glimmering silver on a scented tree
That trembles as we pass.

Hark now! So far, so far . . . that distant song . . .
Move not the rustling grasses with your feet.
The dusk is full of sounds, that all along
The muttering boughs repeat.

So far, so faint, we lift our heads in doubt.
Wind, or the blood that beats within our ears,
Has feigned a dubious and delusive note,
Such as a dreamer hears.

Again . . . again! The faint sounds rise and fall.
So far the enchanted tree, the song so low. . . .
A drowsy thrush? A waking nightingale?
Silence. We do not know.

EDWARD SHANKS.

AMERICA

"Donnerwetter! Gott Strafe Christoph Kolumbus!"

—From *Le Journal*

The High Peace Intrigue

The Entente's Experience With the Kaiser's Valet

From The New Europe

THE subterranean intrigue with Austria upon which certain Entente statesmen had rashly engaged, and against which we have so often had occasion to protest, has at last ended in the inevitable fiasco. The revelations of M. Clemenceau have roughly torn away the veil and displayed the dupes and the tools in various stages of déshabille. Some of those whose illusions are shattered and whose reputation for political sagacity is threatened are left vainly seeking for excuses for their past action or lamenting the thoroughness with which the invisible wires have been destroyed. But the French Premier, unlike most of his colleagues among the statesmen of the Entente, has some personal knowledge of Austria; and it was a sure instinct that led him to revert to hard realities. Already the wits of Paris are saying that, being no longer able to overthrow ministers in France itself, the Tiger has transferred his energies to enemy countries. . . .

"A Young and Impulsive Monarch"

The censors of the Central Powers have taken care that excuses should be made for the young Emperor's action, but nothing can allay the suspicion into which the general public has been plunged. The line adopted by the Vienna correspondent of the "Frankfurter Zeitung" is especially significant. "The error," he tells us, "took place at a time when a young and impulsive monarch, under the pressure of altogether exceptional circumstances, might have believed that by his own private initiative he could do the whole world a service, and did not fully recognize the great effect of such a step, both as regards the enemy and his ally." But the public, and in particular the German public, is intended to read between the lines of the intention of Charles to emancipate himself from German dictation. The completeness of his failure has been rendered all the more obvious by the publication of the letter at the very moment when Vienna's utter dependence upon Berlin had become notorious even to the blindest of Austrophils.

When, then, M. Clemenceau launched his high explosive, William II, with his habitual tact, decided upon the public humiliation of Charles, and demanded from him telegrams repudiating the French Premier's charges and affirming the Dual Monachy's entire solidarity with Germany. The text of this pronouncement was actually brought from German G. H. Q. by an officer of the General Staff and presented to Charles for signature, just as the cold soup of yesterday's supper is placed before a naughty child.

The Hapsburg Principle

The proposal with regard to Serbia is milder in tone than any previous Austrian reference, but to every Serb it is the equivalent of the final renunciation of his national aspirations; and Charles cannot have been so simple as not to realize that for the Entente to have accepted such a basis for discussion would have been regarded by Serbia as a cruel betrayal, and might thus prepare the way for direct negotiations between Vienna and Corfu. But the key to the whole document, as the "Corriere della Sera" and other leading organs of Italian opinion have not been slow to recognize, was its absolute silence with regard to Italy. Applying to foreign policy that principle of "Divide et Impera" on which Hapsburg rule has rested for centuries past, Charles virtually offered to betray Germany if France in her turn abandoned Italy.

Hence the heads of the British, French and Italian governments, who are known to have given the overture very careful consideration and who presumably also consulted President Wilson (then on the very point of intervening in the war), were absolutely right in concluding that it offered no basis for serious negotiation. For even on the assumption—an assumption which we have more than once shown to be entirely fallacious—that Austria-Hungary was in a position to break away from her masterful partner, it was even at that date obvious that the most which the Western powers could hope to obtain was a tolerable settlement on the Western front and outside Europe at the expense of their allies in Eastern and Southeastern Europe.

Fortunately, honor and interest alike forbade the Western powers from perpetrating an act of treachery not unlike that contemplated by the Czarist government on the eve of its overthrow. They realize what some of our sentimentalists still seem unable to grasp—that though it is historically true that we only entered the war to save Belgium and France, subsequent events have produced a situation in which the fate of Austria-Hungary, Russia and the Balkans are no less vital matters for the future peace and security of Europe and the world at large. There is nothing inconsistent in the triple assumption that Charles was very much in earnest, that those who inspired him (for the letter bears all the traces of having been composed with the help of a practised diplomatist) were aiming above all at producing discord in the Allied rank, and that the whole project was from the very first moment foredoomed to failure.

There is something delightfully humorous in the charges of forgery levelled against M. Clemenceau and the French government by Austrian official circles. Foremost in its support of this thesis is the clerical "Reichspost," whose editor, Dr. Funder, as joint defendant in the notorious Friedjung trial in 1900, was proved to have accepted wholesale from the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Office the forged "documents" which were to provide an excuse for overrunning Serbia and crushing Jugo-Slav nationalism inside the monarchy itself.

Austria Resumed Overtures

After an interval of some months Austria-Hungary resumed, through various channels, her overtures to the Entente. This time there was a double motive at work—on the one hand, the desperate internal situation of the Dual Monarchy, which already threatened the state with political upheaval, economic disaster and the physical ruin of the population; on the other hand, the need for paralyzing, so far as possible, any offensive, whether military or political, which the Entente might be disposed to launch against the monarchy. This time the channels employed were those cosmopolitan aristocratic circles which are almost equally connected with all the belligerents.

On the one side was a personal friend of the Emperor Charles, Count Revertera, an Austrian of Italian origin; on the other, an elderly French aristocrat, Count Armand, whose conservative and clerical tendencies rendered him solicitous for the welfare of the Hapsburgs, and who, though completely ignorant of Austria and its political conditions, vaguely fancied that he had detected a common interest between France and Austria, based upon memories of the ancien régime. The meetings between these two persons took place at Freiburg, in Switzerland, in the house of Revertera's mother-in-law, Princess Aldobrandini-Sarsina, née La Rochefoucauld. Their significance lay in the fact that Armand belonged to the Intelligence Bureau of the French War Office, and was being employed behind the back of the Quai d'Orsay by a group of Austrophils intrenched in high military and political positions.

There is yet another element in all this Swiss intrigue. The general of the Jesuits, Count Ledochowski, of an ancient Polish family, has made the little country his headquarters during the war. The claims of his race and of his order combine to concentrate his interest upon the fate of the Western Slavs, and in his vast designs of proselytism in Eastern Europe a specially subservient rôle is assigned to Catholic Austria, decadent but politically pliable.

A Waste of Time

The action of M. Clemenceau represents a complete breach with the whole of this Swiss underworld, and will probably involve a revision of tactics on the part of the Reverteras and Montlongs. Even the link which Charles had established with Washington through Professor Lammasch and the coffee king, Herr Meinl, would seem to have been abruptly severed. But, pending the next batch of revelations, it behooves the Allied governments to abandon unpromising coquetting with bankrupt Austria. They and their peoples must realize that only defeat can release the Hapsburg monarchy from its present vassalage to Berlin, and that it is mere waste of time to deal with the valet behind his master's back.

John Purroy Mitchel

From The New Republic

THE circumstances surrounding John Purroy Mitchel's death were characteristic of a fateful undercurrent that followed him through life. The public knew him as a fearless executive of scrupulous integrity, a brilliant administrator, but especially as a man of precocious achievement. Until his defeat in the last municipal campaign his career had been a succession of public triumphs.

But those who knew him well knew also that he never held public office by his own free initiative. Few men had his distaste for the political limelight, his sensitive aversion to all forms of personal publicity. Every office he held he held in response to the importunities of friends who challenged his proud sense of duty. This may account for his unswerving dash in following the strait and narrow path of executive integrity once he had accepted responsibility, as it may also account for his deliberate failure to capitalize his achievements into personal popularity. He was willing to serve unfalteringly and with all that was in him when he was pressed into service; but he was austerely unwilling to blow his own trumpet, to advertise his own claims to public preferment. His allegiance was to duty, not to personal ambition.

For this reason he never sought office in the manner customary with men who enter political life; the office always sought him. Temperamentally he would have preferred a less conspicuous career. What career, he himself had never quite clearly determined—had never had leisure to determine. He had hardly left college when he was pressed into public service, and thereafter the public demands upon him were unremitting. It was not until war threatened that his whole ardent nature responded to a call in which desire and duty united. Plattsburg was his first digression from the exactions of public office. The German menace to his country fully aroused his latent chivalrous instincts. His final acceptance of the mayoralty nomination last summer was for him a superlative sacrifice of desire to duty. What he most wanted was to enlist in the army and rise to leadership in the military service. That he should have been denied this common privilege after he had willed the sacrifice and received his release, that death should have overtaken him before he had worked his way through to the fighting front, was the culmination of the fateful undercurrent that shadowed his life.

Some of his friends, some of the men who were nearest to him and shared his most intimate counsels, will question the validity of this interpretation. It is possible that he himself would have questioned it. He was not given to introspection. He made quick and clean-cut decisions and stood by them resolutely. Some of the men who were his aids in government used to speak of him as the flashing sword for which they were the scabbard; they planned, but it was he who after taking counsel put their common plans through. But the quality of his decisions was that of noblesse oblige rather than that of the democratic leader primarily concerned with estimating the vague will of the masses and moulding his judgments to his estimate of the popular will. He did things not because he believed them popular even in the best sense of that word but because he personally believed them right. And having made his decision, he was rarely willing to interpret his subsequent action to the groping mind of the people. He insisted that integrity in judgment and conduct must stand as its own and final justification.

It was this temperamental unwillingness to plead his case with the people, to accompany his executive acts with a running comment of popular interpretation, that gradually alienated the perplexed masses from him and involved many of his most valuable civic experiments in a cloud of popular misapprehension. His abstract sense of the right was instinctive. It is reasonably certain that the essential rightness of his plans for the reform of the schools and for the modernization of the departments of public charities and police will ultimately be recognized. But his reluctance to take the masses into his intimate counsels, to dramatize his executive decisions in his own person, made it possible for unscrupulous persons to betray the people into believing that his plans were inspired by a sterile desire to save money, to protect the rich taxpayer at the expense of popular institutions.

Some of his critics have said that he sought to make efficiency a substitute for democracy. It was not so that he reasoned. He was not a social philosopher. It was his sure instinct for the right thing that made him perceive that no form of government could endure if it permitted the instruments of government to grow rusty and rotten with incompetence and corruption. His ardent sense of duty, of noblesse oblige, made him concentrate his mind and energies upon the forging of an instrument through which his community could function effectively. His outstanding achievement was that he charged public service with the inspiration of his fine ideal of clean, disinterested and competent workmanship as the first obligation of the public servant. The record of his life is an enduring monument to the greatest lesson democracy has to learn if it is to make its dominion in the world secure.

England's Bit

(From The Kansas City Star)

The inquiry is sometimes heard whether England is doing all it ought to in the war. When we suffer 30,000 to 40,000 casualties a week and have kept it up for three years, have stood pat under air raids, gone without complaining, have sent so many men into the army that the biggest machine shops in the country are operated almost exclusively by women, and have paid taxes such as we haven't yet contemplated—then and not till then will we begin to have the right to inquire whether England is doing all it can.

The War Map

(From The Springfield Republican)

In football terms, the German halfback on his plunge through tackle fumbled and dropped the ball, which was instantly grabbed by the French fullback and carried back around the other end in a brilliant run that brought the spectators on the Allied grandstands to their feet cheering. The French now have the ball for the first down on the 40-yard line.